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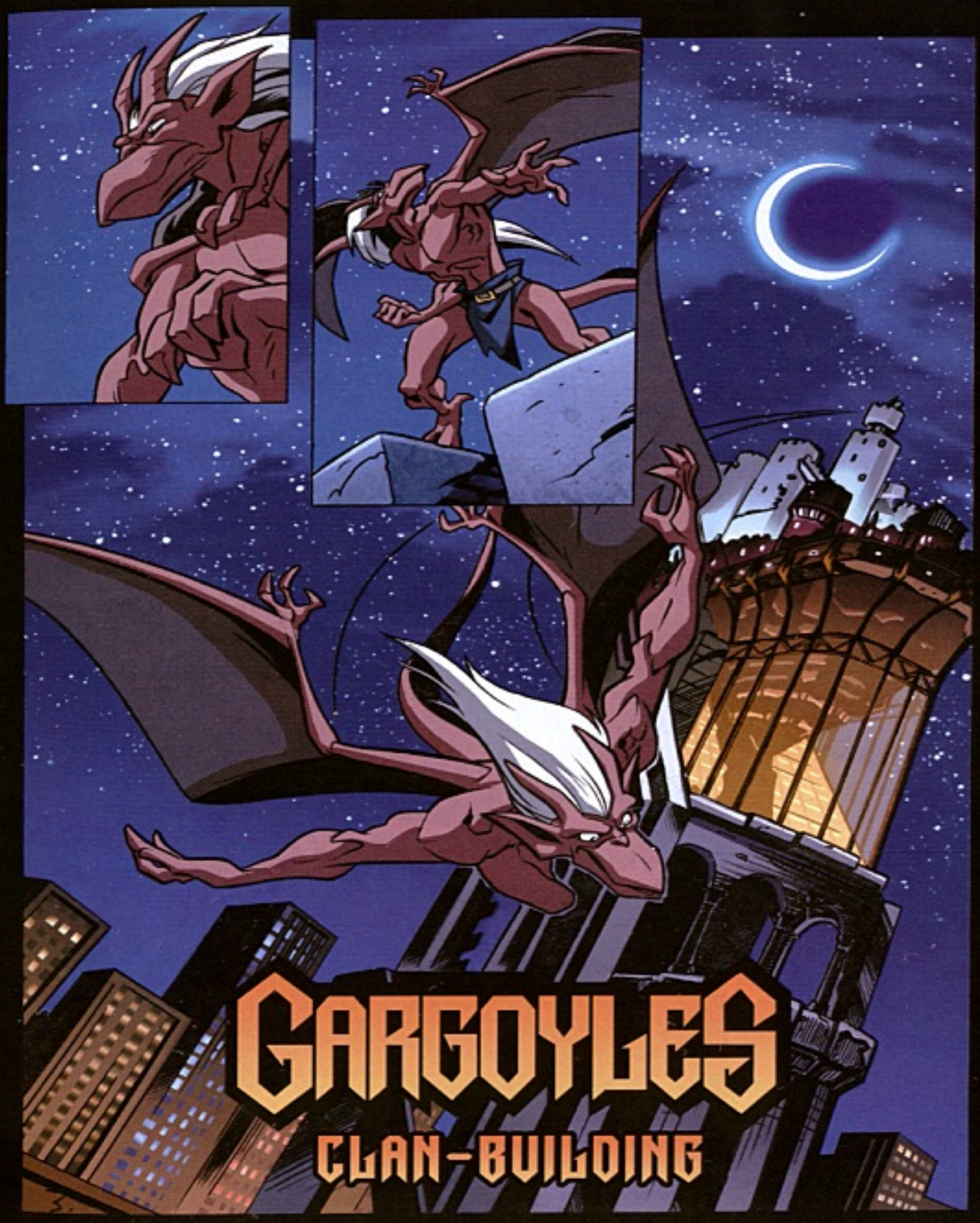
GARGOYLES
CLAN-BUILDING

HEY, BROOKLYN--
--WATCHA UP TO?
NOTHING. KILLING MOONLIGHT.
YEAH, IT'S BEEN DULLSVILLE WITH LEX AND HUDSON AWAY IN LONDON.
WISH THEY'D COME HOME ALREADY.
YEAH, THAT'S ONE OF MY WISHES...

WHAT'S THAT?
OH, NO...
IT'S THE GATE! THE PHOENIX GATE!
CHAPTER TEN: THE GATE
WE SHOULD TELL GOLIATH IMMEDIATELY!
WELL, SURE, S'NOT EVERY NIGHT A MAGICAL TIME TRAVEL TALISMAN FALLS OUT OF THE SKY.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
...GOLIATH RELEASED THE GATE INTO THE TIMESTREAM BECAUSE IT WAS TOO DANGEROUS...

WHICH MEANS WE CAN'T LEAVE IT HERE FOR JUST ANYONE TO PICK UP--

BROOKLYN!!
STOP!
GIVE HIM BACK!
WE'VE... WE'VE LOST HIM...
MAYBE FOREVER...

SOMETHING... APPROACHES...
YOUR HIGHNESS, ARE YOU--
LOOK! UP THERE!

FATHER, IT'S A DEMON!
IT'S A GARGOYLE. WHOA, THERE!
KILL IT!
DIE, DEMON!
HEY, I COME IN PEACE!
I TAKE IT I'M NOT IN MANHATTAN ANYMORE...
DON'T SUPPOSE ANY OF YOU KNOW WHERE I AM?
OR MORE IMPORTANT, WHEN?

CAN'T YOU KILL ONE GARGOYLE FOR YOUR KING?!
SO... SCOTLAND, THEN? TENTH CENTURY?
SAETH.
RAAARRRRR!

THERE. POST IT THERE.
YES, YOUR MAJESTY.
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, KING CONSTANTINE...
...IS IT WISE TO SPEND OUR TIME CHASING PHANTOMS AND GARGOYLES...
...WHILE THE GRIM AMASSES AN ARMY?
WE WANT NO GARGOYLES ALIVE FOR THE GRIM TO AMASS, BRIGIT.
A LESSON LEARNED STUDYING THE FATE OF MY FATHER.
AS FOR PHANTOMS, BROTHER VALMONT ASSURES ME THEY POSSESS A PRIZE WORTHY OF THE CHASE.
AYE, THE GRIMORUM ARCANORUM...
NEITHER GARGOYLE NOR GRIM COULD STAND AGAINST IT.

WHAP

WHAT DOES IT SAY, MILADY?
"WANTED ALIVE BY ORDER OF THE GREAT KING CONSTANTINE III..."
HE WANTS US ALIVE. HOW KIND.
"...FOR THE MURDER OF OUR BELOVED KING KENNETH II..."
HEY LAYS HIS CRIMES AT OUR FEET...AND AT THE FEET OF THE MAGUS AND YOUR BOY TOM!
AT LEAST THEY'RE SAFE ON AVALON WITH PRINCESS KATHARINE.
WE'RE TO BLAME FOR HER DISAPPEARANCE TOO!
FOR "THE ABDUCTION OF HIS HIGHNESS'S ROYAL COUSIN AND THE THEFT OF THE KING'S GRIMORUM..."
OF COURSE HE WANTS TO GET HIS DIRTY HANDS ON THE MAGIC BOOK.
HE CLEPS YOU AND I WITCHES, "THE DEVIL'S DAMS"...
...SAYS WE'RE IN LEAGUE WITH "DEMON GARGOYLES..."
...AND CLAIMS I TURNED TO SIN AND SATAN IN GRIEF OVER "KENNETH'S MURDER OF MY SON..."
YOU HAD A SON?
I--NO!
WHO GOES THERE AT THIS LATE HOUR?!

'TIS THE LADY FI--FIONA... OF EDINBURGH.
SHE IS ON PILGRIMAGE AND SEEKS SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT...
THE GATE'S BEEN CLOSED FOR HOURS. GO AWAY!
I CAN PAY FOR OUR LODGING...
...WITH GOLD.
WELL, IF YOU'RE HOLY PILGRIMS IN NEED OF SHELTER...

HOLD, PORTER!
...HOW CAN I TURN YOU AWAY?
'TIS THE WITCHING HOUR, AND YOU OPEN OUR GATE TO STRANGERS?
NOT STRANGERS. PILGRIMS. WITH GOLD.
THE DEVIL HAS GOLD APLENTY...
...AS OUR GOOD KING KNOWS!
GOOD KING!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT SORT OF MAN YOUR GOOD KING IS--
..."DEVIL'S DAMS"...
WITCHES!!
HO! BLACK MAGIC!! HELP! TO THE GATE!!

BURN THE WITCHES! TAKE THEIR GOLD!
THE KING WANTS THEM DELIVERED ALIVE!
BURN THE WITCHES...DELIVER THEIR BONES!
MARY, THE BOOK...
BURN THE BONES! DELIVER THEIR ASHES!
HOLD, MORTALS!
YOU DARE THREATEN THE SORCERESS FINELLA!?
GET IN THE CART, MARY.
THEN YOU DARE FACE ALL THE DEMONS AT MY COMMAND!

SHE'S BLUFFING! RUSH HER!
WHY WOULD A WITCH BLUFF ABOUT USING MAGIC?
SHE CAN'T GET US ALL-- UNLESS WE GIVE HER TIME TO SUMMON HER MINIONS!
ATTACK!
TOO LATE! THE MINIONS HAVE COME!
WHAT DO WE DO?! WHAT DO WE DO?!
YOU HAVE TWO CHOICES, HUMANS...
YOU WAIT FOR MY CLAN TO COME EAT YOUR BRAINS...
...OR YOU RUN AWAY!
RUN AWAY! RUN AWAY!
OKAY, NOW THAT I'VE SET BACK HUMAN-GARGOYLE RELATIONS FOR THE NEXT MILLENNIUM...
...WHY DON'T YOU GET IN THE CART BEFORE THEY REALIZE MY CLAN'S NOT COMING...
...AND I DON'T EAT BRAINS.

HYAH, MAGUS! HYAH!
YOU NAMED THE HORSE "MAGUS"?
THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HER FACE...
YOU BLEED...
THAT'S A SHORT-TERM PROBLEM...
...I'M WAY MORE CONCERNED ABOUT THEM COMING AFTER US!
WHY? YOU ARE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THAT LOT!
APPRECIATE THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE, BUT...
AH...I SEE.

MAOL CHALVIM!

I'M RIGHT HERE. NO NEED FOR SHOUTING.
THE GRIM APPROACHES!
THEN WE WILL WELCOME OUR COUSIN ACCORDING TO HIS STATION.

OH, WELCOME ME BETTER, CUZ.
WELCOME EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS STATION, AND WHO SHALL 'SCAPE WHIPPING?

AH, FINDLAECH. GOOD TO SEE YOU. HOW FAIRS MORAY?
AS ANY CLANSEAT LOYAL TO YOU, MY LORD.

BADLY, THEN?
AYE.

AND HOW IS YOUNG MASTER BODHE?
READY TO FOLLOW MY FATHER INTO BATTLE!
YOU'LL MAKE HIM PROUD.
THAT HE DOES ALREADY.
CAN WE GET TO THE BUSINESS AT HAND, KENNETH?
AYE, MAOL. BUT FIRST, REMIND ME AGAIN WHY I'M CALLED "THE GRIM" AND NOT YOU?
I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T TIME TO REVIEW THE CONCEPT OF IRONY...
...NOT WHEN CONSTANTINE'S MEN OUTNUMBER OURS FIVE TO ONE.
HIS SCOTS DON'T OUTNUMBER OURS. IT'S HIS IRISH DOGS THAT--
THE SOURCE OF HIS SOLDIERS HARDLY CHANGES OUR DILEMMA...
...OR OUR LACK OF A SOLUTION.
THE SOLUTION REMAINS THE SOLUTION OF OUR FATHERS, MAOL...

"...GARGOYLES!"
DIE, DEMON, DIE!
YOUR SON HAS A TALENT FOR THIS, BRIGTI.

AYE, YOUR HIGHNESS...
...GILLECOMGAIN CAN BE QUITE SINGLE-MINDED.
POST ONE THERE.
WHAM WHAM

ROAAAARRRR
EXCUSE ME, BUT DON'T I KNOW YOU...FROM *WYVERN*?
HEY, THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'RE *TOM'S* MOM!
OH, THIS IS TOO COOL! CALL ME BROOKLYN!
MARY. AND THIS IS THE LADY FINELLA.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I SAW THE *MAGUS* CAST A SPELL ON YOU...
HE SAID YOU'D SLEEP AS STONE 'TIL *KINGDOM COME*!

UH...IT'S COMPLICATED.
DOES THIS MEAN GOLIATH IS AWAKE AS WELL?!
WHAT'S THE YEAR?
THE YEAR OF OUR LORD NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN.
YEAH, I FIGURED IT WAS SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
GOLIATH'S STILL ASLEEP. AND SO AM I.
IF YOU THINK THIS IS A DREAM, I CAN ASSURE YOU--
LOOK, I KNOW YOU'VE NEVER SEEN STAR TREK OR QUANTUM LEAP, BUT I NEED YOU TO UNDERSTAND--
I'M FROM THE FUTURE.
I THINK I WAS SENT HERE TO PROTECT YOU AND THE GRIMORUM.
BUT TO DO THAT--NOT TO MENTION GET ME HOME TO MANHATTAN--I NEED SOMETHING CALLED THE PHOENIX GATE.
AND IF I'VE GOT MY 997 CLAN HISTORY STRAIGHT...
...HALF THE GATE'S CURRENTLY WITH GOLIATH--

"--AS FOR THE OTHER HALF..."
TO BE CONTINUED ...

MINERVION